
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1825.

PETER TURNERELLI, ESQ.

SCULPTURE is an art which has been comparatively but little cultivated in England, till within the last half century. The fine equestrian statue of Charles I., at Charing-Cross, is the work of a foreigner: and from the middle of the seventeenth, to that of the eighteenth century, no production of an English statuary appeared, which could be put in competition. A succession of foreign artists settled here, whose talents were almost exclusively exercised on all occasions of importance. Such were Caius Gabriel Cibber, (father of Colley Cibber, the celebrated dramatist,) Scheemakers, Bertocini, Roubilliac, and John Michael Rysbrack, the last of whom died in 1770. Two English sculptors, indeed, may be mentioned, who flourished within the same period with the preceding,—Grinling Gibbons, and Francis Bird. The former of these, was a man of genius and ability; but his reputation depends on his carvings in wood, especially of foliage and other delicate ornaments, of which he left many admirable specimens. Of Bird, it may be sufficient to state, that the statue of Queen Anne, before the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral, was his workmanship; and it affords a lamentable proof of the low state of national art in the reign of that princess.

The revival of taste for the arts of design, and the liberal encouragement of genius, in England, may be dated from the accession of his late Majesty. In 1768, the Royal Academy was founded; which, whatever may have been its influence of late years, certainly had, in the first instance, a beneficial effect on the state of the fine arts in this country. Since that period, many Englishmen have distinguished themselves by works of statuary, which may vie with the grand and beautiful produc-

tions of the chisel, in other regions of Europe. The names of Bacon, Banks, and Nollekens, among deceased artists, and those of Flaxman, Chantrey, and Westmacott, among the living, sufficiently justify this assertion, and vindicate the national claims to distinction.—In the first rank of modern sculptors, may also be placed the subject of this memoir, whose productions, either in importance or excellence, scarcely yield to those of any of his contemporaries.

Peter Turnerelli is a native of Ireland, having been born at Belfast, towards the close of the year 1774. He is, however, partly of foreign descent, being the son of an Italian modeller and figure-maker, many years a resident in Dublin, who was a man of skill and ingenuity in his profession; his mother, who died in that city, was a native of the country, and was a woman of considerable attainments, and of a character which secured the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness to be acquainted with her. To this parent, her son was indebted for that early culture of the mind, which, perhaps, more than any extraneous circumstance, contributes to expand and improve the intellectual faculties, and prepare the way for future eminence. Mr. Turnerelli was originally intended for the church; and, at a proper age, he was sent to a respectable seminary in the Irish metropolis, to pursue those studies, which might qualify him for the clerical profession. He continued there some time after his father had removed to London, and profited much by the opportunities which the situation afforded, for acquiring knowledge. But the plan marked out to him, was not congenial to his inclination; he had always felt a predilection for sculpture, and on his visiting London, when about eighteen, he resolved to devote himself to the study of that art. In pursuance of this purpose, he was placed as a pupil with Mr. Chenu, a man of talent, and skill in his profession. He also attended as a student at the Royal Academy, where he exerted himself with so much success, that within two years, he obtained a medal for the best model of his composition. Proceeding industriously to improve the advantages within his reach, Mr. Turnerelli, ere long, distinguished himself as a rising artist. His abilities attracted the notice of Sir Thomas Lawrence, now President of the Royal Academy, who recommended him to her late Majesty, then Princess of Wales, as an instructor in the art of modelling; and he continued to enjoy her patronage till she left this country,

He was also employed as a teacher of modelling, by many of the nobility; and, indeed, such was his reputation, that the late Queen Charlotte engaged him to attend herself, and the princesses, her daughters, for the purpose of giving them instructions in the art he professed.

One of his earliest works, which attracted public attention, was a bust of the late Princess Charlotte, when about seven years of age. This he exhibited at Somerset House, where it was deservedly admired. Lord Heathfield employed Mr. Turnerelli to model the bust of Sir Francis Drake, from an ancient painting; which task was executed so much to the satisfaction of his Lordship, that he also ordered a bust of his father, General Elliot, the gallant defender of Gibraltar, in the American war. On the recommendation of the Princess Elizabeth, he was engaged to model a bust of Lady Melville; and he also executed another of Lord Melville.

The jubilee bust of his late Majesty, commenced in 1810, was a work which increased the reputation of our artist; who made nearly eighty copies of it, in marble, for the nobility and others. As a companion to this bust, he completed a model of the Queen, of which many marble copies were likewise ordered. Mr. Turnerelli afterwards made marble busts of the Duke of Wellington, Prince Blucher, and the Cossack General Platoff. His statue of the late King also deserves to be noticed. It represents him in a graceful attitude, dressed in robes of state, and reclining on a column, which supports the crown. The likeness is well preserved, and the design and execution are alike creditable to the artist. In 1813, he went to Paris, and made a bust of the king, Louis XVIII., which gave great satisfaction. He afterwards visited Ireland, where he had frequent opportunities for the exercise of his talents; and among the busts which he executed, was one of the late Mr. Grattan, which Canova, the late celebrated Italian sculptor, on his visiting Mr. Turnerelli in London, declared to be the best modern bust he had seen in this country. Prince Leopold of Coburg, soon after his arrival in England, sat to Mr. Turnerelli, for a bust, which, when finished, was much admired by the Princess Charlotte, who engaged the artist to model her own bust, as a companion to that of the Prince. Our artist has also executed busts of the present Bishop of Norwich, the late Duke of Kent, the Duchess, the Princess

Victoria, the Duke of Cumberland, the Hon. Henry Erskine, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Ebrington, late President of Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. Dr. Troy, the late celebrated James Watt, John Philpot Curran, Esq. the Irish advocate, and many others.

In another branch of his profession, Mr. Turnerelli has also displayed his taste and abilities. Many sepulchral, and other commemorative monuments, the works of his chisel, have been erected in various parts of the kingdom. The first production of this kind, which he executed was a monument for Colonel Stuart, placed in Canterbury-cathedral; and the next, a monument of the same character, for the officers and privates of the Royal York Rangers, who fell at the conquest of the islands of Guadaloupe and the Saintes, in the West Indies, by Sir George Beckwith. Among his later works, are large statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, for Bath-chapel; and a monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the memory of Admiral Sir John Hope, Bart.—It is impossible, within the limits to which this memoir must necessarily be confined, even to enumerate the principal productions of this ingenious artist; but it would be wrong to omit the mention of the national monument to the poet Burns, in which Mr. Turnerelli has skilfully embodied an allegory from the works of the Ayrshire bard, and furnished a piece of sculpture, which may bid defiance to petty criticism, and command the admiration of the genuine lovers of art. His works are by no means confined to the British empire. They decorate the palaces of princes, and form the ornaments of cities, in different quarters of the globe; and it may, in fact, be fairly stated, that they are more numerous than those of any other contemporary native sculptor.

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THE CHILD OF THE BELFRY.

WITHIN the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of a small town in Tipperary, a woman of prepossessing deportment, with a beautiful infant at her bosom, was discovered, on a cold autumnal morning, crouching in the belfry of the deserted and ruinous parish-church. She was pale, silent, and totally abstracted from every earthly object but the sleeping little beauty

in her arms. The hospitable inhabitants of the town brought her food and raiment, and warmly tendered her a shelter from the rude inclemency of the season beneath their homely roofs. She preferred, however, abiding in the solitude of the old belfry, and her woes were for ever buried in her own heart. At midnight, she was often heard singing some strange melody in a low, plaintive tone, as she walked with hurried steps the mouldering parapet of the little tower.

The child grew up and prospered, and at the age of sixteen was said to be a wonder of beauty by those who had accidentally seen her when gazing on the passengers, who daily forded the river that laved one side of the grey and dilapidated church. Her rigid, but loving mother, never suffered her to descend the winding steps which led to the grass-covered chancel. She deemed her too fair to be exposed to the rude gaze of the daring young men who dwelt in the environs, and the maid passed her childhood and youth without once straying from the brink of the old belfry. Young Mary's beauty was her bane. She bemoaned her fate, implored her careful mother to bless her with a single hour's liberty, to wander among the fair fields that surrounded her desolate habitation. But the solitary woman was inexorable. She wept while she denied the prayers of her child, and spoke of the world's crimes, from which she said they were happily set apart, until her heart overflowed with the remembrance of her past griefs, and Mary forgot her own desires in assuaging the mental anguish of her beloved mother.

At length a young man, who was the pride of the flourishing family of the Strahans, saw young Mary at the little casement of the belfry, and was so charmed with the beauty of her countenance, that in the warmth of his heart he vowed to win her love, and woo her from her dismal abode, in spite of every impediment. By dint of continual and most acute watching, he at length attracted her notice. They understood the full extent of each other's hopes and fears, and mutually endeavoured to invent some plan whereby they might obtain a parley. The wary mother observed an alteration in young Mary's manner, and watched her more narrowly, and confined her more closely, if it were possible, than before. But the most simple woman in love is an overmatch for the wisest and most crafty of parents. Mary contrived to elude the suspicious eye of her mother, and by the aid of a stout

rope which she fixed to the stone bars of the casement, Strahan ascended nightly to its verge. Their young hearts were soon linked to each other by the strongest ties of pure, unjaded, youthful love. The maid thought of nothing but Strahan during the day, and he lingered about the weeds and brambles that waved over the tombs of the old ailes, happy to be near his love, and listening in anxious expectations for the usual melodious signal which summoned him to the base of the tower.

The affair could not long remain in this state. One night, the mother detected Strahan in the act of ascending to the belfry by his usual contrivance, and to his infinite alarm thrust out a rusty sword-blade above his head, when he was within a few yards of the window, and at an immense distance from the ground. She interrogated him as to his motive and desires, and insisted, as he valued his life, on a full and unequivocal reply. The young man honestly confessed his name and intentions, and moreover avowed, that he had communed with the maiden at the casement for many preceding nights. The mother's blood flowed rapidly to her heart as he spoke. She feared the worst, and fiercely brandishing the sword-blade above the youth's grasp, threatened in a tone of stern resolution to cut the cord asunder, unless he solemnly swore, by the most holy vow, and upon the cross in his bosom, to marry her child at day-break. The youth joyfully assented; and at his pressing request, the weeping and terrified Mary approached the casement, and there contracted herself to him by the most sacred ceremony of breaking bread and parting silver together.

The next day, a priest pronounced the nuptial benediction upon them, and the old woman soon after died in the belfry, without imparting a single particular of her history even to her child. Various were the surmises in which the curious neighbours indulged; but whatever they thought of the mother, Mary was idolized by all. She was waning in years, and the parent of seven beautiful girls, when I first beheld her. She then resembled a noble ruin; beauty still lingered about some parts of her fine form, in spite of the finger of time; her heart was joyous and blithe as ever, and none of the young maidens around her entered into the festal customs of Ireland with more zeal and delight, than the fine spirited dame who had lingered out her childhood in the mouldering turret of Saint James's church.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 246.)

HITHERTO we have regarded Elizabeth as a subject, and so far as a private character; we are now to consider her as a Sovereign, whose accession to the throne was the subject of the liveliest joy to almost every individual in her dominions, and whose future policy was matter of anxious solicitude to every class of her subjects. The cruelties of Mary, the bigotry of her mind and temper, and the unfortunate results of her foreign policy, had all conspired to render her odious in the estimation of her subjects; her death, therefore, was regarded as a national blessing. Heath, Bishop of Ely, the Lord Chancellor, notified to the two Houses, which were then sitting, the demise of the Queen. In both assemblies, after the decorum of a short pause, the notification was followed by joyful shouts of "God save queen Elizabeth! long and happily may she reign!"

Elizabeth received the news of her own accession at Hatfield. We are not told that she affected any great concern for the loss of her sister, much less did any sign of unbecoming exultation escape her; but falling on her knees, after a good time of respiration she uttered this verse of the Psalms, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." On the 23d of November, the Queen proceeded to the metropolis with a splendid retinue, and took up her abode at the dissolved monastery of the Charter-house, then the residence of Lord North. Her next remove, in compliance with ancient custom, was to the Tower. On this occasion, all the streets from the Charter-house were spread with fine gravel; singers and musicians were stationed by the way; and a vast concourse of people freely lent their joyful and admiring acclamations, as, preceded by her heralds and great officers, and richly attired in purple velvet, she passed along mounted on her palfrey, and returning the salutations of the humblest of her subjects with graceful and winning affability.

With what vivid and what affecting impressions of the vicissitudes attending on the great, must she have passed again within the antique walls of that fortress, once her dungeon, now her palace! She had entered it by the Traitors'-gate, a terrified and defenceless prisoner; smarting under many wrongs, hopeless

of deliverance; and apprehending nothing less than an ignominious death. She had quitted it, still a captive, under the guard of armed men, to be conducted she knew not whither. She returned to it in all the pomp of royalty, surrounded by the ministers of her power, ushered by the applauses of her people; the cherished object of every eye; the idol of every heart.

Busy preparation was now making in her good city of London against the solemn day of her passage, in state, from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster. The usages and sentiments of that age, conferred upon these public ceremonials a character of earnest and dignified importance, now lost; and on this memorable occasion, when the mingled sense of deliverance received, and of future favour to be conciliated, had opened the hearts of all men, it was resolved to lavish, in honour of the new sovereign, every possible demonstration of loyal affection, and every known device of festal magnificence.

The costume of the age was splendid. Gowns of velvet, or satin, richly trimmed with silk, furs, or gold lace; costly gold chains, and caps or hoods of rich materials, adorned with feathers or ouches, decorated, on all occasions of display, the persons not of nobles or courtiers alone, but of their crowds of retainers and higher menials; and even of the plain and substantial citizens. Female attire was proportionally sumptuous. Hangings, of cloth, of silk of velvet, cloth, of gold, or cloth of silver, or "needlework sublime," adorned, on days of family festivity, the upper chamber of every house of respectable appearance; and these, on public festivals, were suspended from the balconies; and uniting with the banners and pennons floating overhead, gave to the streets almost the appearance of a suite of long and gayly-dressed saloons. Every circumstance thus conspired to render the public entry of Queen Elizabeth the most gorgeous, and at the same time the most interesting, spectacle of the kind, ever exhibited in the English metropolis. She issued forth, drawn in a sumptuous chariot, preceded by trumpeters and heralds in their coat-armour; and, "most honourably accompanied, as well with gentlemen, barons, and other the nobility of this realm, as also with a notable train of goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed." The ladies were on horseback, and both they and the lords were habited in crimson velvet; with which their horses were also trapped. Let it be remarked, by the way, that the retinue of fair equestrians constantly attendants on the person of the maiden queen in

all her public appearances, was a circumstance of prodigious effect; the gorgeousness of royal pomp was thus heightened, and, at the same time, rendered more amiable and attractive, by the alliance of grace and beauty; and a romantic kind of charm, comparable to that which seizes the imagination in the splendid fictions of chivalry, was cast over the heartless parade of courtly ceremonial.

The political events of Elizabeth's reign belong to history. The domestic or personal ones, are those alone on which we can dwell; passing over, therefore, a variety of most important circumstances of public interest, we shall notice those royal progresses, which form so striking a feature in the domestic history of her reign. "In these," says an acute and lively delineator of her character, "she was most easy to be approached; private persons and magistrates, men and women, country people and children, came joyfully and without fear to wait upon her and see her. Her ears were then open to the complaints of the afflicted, and of those that had been any way injured. She would not allow the meanest of her people to be shut out from the places where she resided, but the greatest and the least were then, in a manner, levelled. She took, with her own hand, and read with the greatest goodness, the petitions of the meanest rustics; and she would frequently assure them that she would take a particular care of their affairs; and she would ever be as good as her word. She was never seen angry with the most unseasonable, or uncourteous approach; she was never offended with the most impudent or importunate petitioner; nor was there any thing in the whole course of her reign that more won the hearts of the people than this her wonderful facility and condescension, and the sweetness and pleasantness with which she entertained all that came to her."

The matter of Elizabeth's marriage was frequent subject of recommendation on the part of her ministers, and of Parliament, and of management and intrigue on the part of her suitors; but it does not appear ever to have been matter of serious concern to herself. With all her coquetry, her head was clear, and her passion cool; and the world, at length, began to perceive that there was little chance of prevailing with her to gratify her heart or her fancy at the expence of that independence, on which her lofty temper had led her to set so high a value.

Nor could the addresses of either House of Parliament, nor the propriety of the measure itself, ever induce Elizabeth to name a successor; indeed, she did not omit expressing her extreme displeasure at their interference; this being a matter which she always chose to regard as belonging exclusively to her prerogative.

The conduct of Elizabeth to her unfortunate kinswoman, Mary, Queen of Scots, has been matter of censure and apology to the historians of both parties. There can be no doubt, but that Mary's intrigues with the Catholic nobles of England, leave it certain that she was deeply implicated in the various treasonable conspiracies of those times: but it must be remembered, that Mary was an independent sovereign, whom Elizabeth had contrived to get into her power by treachery and intrigue; and who, therefore, galled by a long captivity, considered herself as justified in any and every measure by which she could burst the fetters by which she was both degraded and enslaved.

It must be acknowledged, that Elizabeth's conduct, after the battle of Langside, so fatal to Mary's peace and independence, was that of honour and even affection. Fears and rivalries, ancient offences and recent provocations; and all the imprudence which she had censured, and all the guilt she had imputed, vanished from her mind the moment she beheld a woman, a kinswoman, and, what was much more, a sister queen, reduced to the extremity of distress, and exposed to the insults and menaces of her own subjects. Mary, at this juncture, owed no less than her life to the good offices of her who was destined finally to bring her, with more injustice and after many years of sorrow, to an ignominious death.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to remark, that up to the reign of Elizabeth all mercantile transactions in the metropolis were conducted in the middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral; but at this time, a wealthy merchant of London, Sir T. Gresham, built an Exchange, such as he had seen in the great commercial cities of Flanders. The queen, after dining with Sir Thomas, repaired to the house, visited every part of it, and caused proclamation to be made, by sound of trumpet, that henceforth it should bear the name of the Royal-exchange.

Nor were the interests of foreign commerce neglected.--Navigation, that parent and auxiliary of trade, received every encouragement from Elizabeth and her ministers. Sir Francis

Drake arrived at Plymouth-harbour from his circumnavigation of the globe, in November 1580. Natural vanity was flattered by the idea, that this Englishman should have been the first commander in chief by whom this great and novel enterprise had been successfully achieved; and both himself and his ship became, in an eminent degree, the objects of public curiosity and wonder.

The disposition of Elizabeth was originally deficient in benevolence and sympathy; and prone to suspicion, pride, and anger; and we observe with pain, in the progress of her history, how much the influences to which her high station and the peculiar circumstances of her reign inevitably exposed her, tended, in various ways, to exasperate those radical evils of her nature.

The extravagant flattery administered to her, daily and hourly, was of most pernicious effect; it not only fostered in her an absurd excess of personal vanity; but, what was worse, by filling her with exaggerated notions, both of her own wisdom, and of her sovereign power and prerogative, it contributed to render her rule more stern and despotic, and her mind, in many points, incapable of sober counsel.

The decay of her beauty was an unwelcome truth which all the artifices of adulation, were unable to hide from her secret consciousness; since she could never behold her image in a mirror, during the latter years of her life, without transports of impotent anger; and this circumstance contributed not a little to sour her temper, while it rendered the young and lovely the chosen objects of her malignity. It is to the unhappy influence of such a temper that we are to attribute her conduct to the unfortunate Queen of Scots; to whom she exhibited the most unaccountable duplicity, even at the very moment of ordering her execution.

As we have purposely omitted all mention of political events, we shall only notice the defeat of the Spanish Armada, (the particulars of which are too well known to render a formal notice of them here unnecessary) as it gave rise to one of the most important inventions of human life—that of newspapers. Previously to this period, all articles of intelligence had been circulated in manuscript; and all political remarks which the government had found itself interested in addressing to the people, had issued from the press in the shape of pamphlets, of which many had been composed during the administration of Burleigh, either by himself, or under his influence. But

the peculiar convenience, at such a juncture, of uniting those two objects in a periodical publication, becoming obvious to the ministry, there appeared, some time in the month of April, 1588, the first number of the English Mercury, a paper resembling the present London Gazette; it must have come out almost daily; since No. 58, the earliest specimen of the work now extant, is dated July 23, of the same year.

Connected, in some degree, with this popular thirst after the knowledge of passing events, we may observe, that the literature of this reign yet ranks high in public estimation—Spencer and Shakspeare, both lights of no ordinary magnitude, reflect a lustre on this age; and there is high satisfaction in observing, that the age shewed itself worthy of the immortal genius which it had produced and fostered. The deeper and more abstruse pursuits of metaphysical science, the minds of men do not appear, at this time, to have had capacity enough to embrace. The general “instauration” of the sciences, which the mighty genius of Bacon had projected, was a scheme too vast and too profound for the then public intellect; so that the general sentiment seems pretty much to have corresponded with the judgment of King James, “that the Philosophy of Bacon was like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.”

The closing scene of the long and eventful life of Elizabeth is all that now remains to be described. She had now, for some time, manifested a profound melancholy, the origin of which has been variously explained; but the prevalent opinion, even at the time, appears to have been, that her grief or compunction for the death of her favourite Essex, with which she had long maintained a secret struggle, broke forward in the end superior to controul; and rapidly completed the overthrow of powers which the advances of old age and an accumulation of cares and anxieties had already undermined. Hence her refusal of medicine and almost of food; hence her obstinate silence interrupted only by sighs, groans, and hints of a deep sorrow which she dare not reveal; hence the days and nights passed by her, seated on the floor, sleepless; her eyes fixed, and her finger pressed upon her mouth; hence, in short, all those heart-rending symptoms of incurable and mortal anguish which conducted her, in the space of twenty days, to the lamentable termination of a long life of power, prosperity, and glory. The Queen expired on March 24th, 1608.

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 275.)

Dissention dies, and foemen pledge their hands;
Peace smiles at sea, and concord on the lands:
Where blood was spilt, the fresh grass green shall grow,
And lovers string with wreaths the warrior's bow:
Shearing the folds, and reapings of the glen,
Shall then be deemed the deeds of gallant men!

SADEB looked from the manuscript she was reading, and with a gentle sigh, yet one that did not seem to murmur under the dispensation, softly said—"It is for the power to do so likewise, that alone I regret our lost sovereignty."—While the words were on her lips, the heaving response of my own bosom echoed the regret, that though my hand would marry her quiet, domestic competence, it owned not sufficient to make the homes of her father's desolated former subjects glow like our own hearths.—We might repair the mouldered walls of their wretched hovels, and so shelter their shivering inmates from the winter's rains or snows; but the dried furze of the moor must still be there, for their comfortless beds; the time-worn woollen cloak, the wrap for the mother and child at night; the fold, for the husband's chilled limbs by day!—Again I sighed, yet more heavily, and my eye, full of my thoughts, met that of Sadeb.—A tear stood there.—"I see, Eugene, you feel already like a true Irishman; you grudge the happiness that may nestle round our own little fire-side, while all around us are yet out on the pelted, unpitied common!"—I would now have answered her, by words, though our souls had so well understood each other; but, the same moment, ere I could move my lips to utterance, brought me evidence that heaven, the God who careth for all creation, whether it be man, on a throne, or in a hovel; the storm-drifted eagle, tossed on the sea-ward clouds; or the unhoused sparrow, wailing from her ravished nest; that he had heard the often yearning wish, deemed, indeed, too visionary to take the form of prayer, of two faithful hearts. While Sadeb was speaking, the old attendant of the aged chief had hastily entered; and

the instant she ceased, (for reverence still held all mute here, when either the prince or his grand-daughter were in discourse,) the venerable messenger told me, that a soldier was without, who had brought a packet from head-quarters, to be delivered to myself alone.

I withdrew instantly, and found a sergeant of my regiment in the little kitchen of the cabin.—He had come express, and he presented me the packet.—It was sealed with black;—and marked with the London post-mark.—I broke it open with some trepidation; though I had no parent existing, deathful tidings of whom could agitate a son's heart.—An orphan then, who had survived all the kindred that lived, when he entered this world of many changes, he could have no trembling in his bosom at sight of that black seal, but alarm that some dear friend or other, perhaps yourself, whom he loves as a brother, were also to be taken from him.—But it was not that.—The packet contained a letter, and a fold of parchment.—I opened the former; the hand was unknown to me, and the name and signature; but it was dated London, and the purport explained the writer to be a lawyer.—He announced to me, the demise of an old lady, who had been my god-mother; and who had now bequeathed to me her sole personal property in the British funds, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds.—Shall I acknowledge to you, my friend, that tears of gratitude, rather than of lamentation, burst from my eyes.—Yet I had loved this venerable benefactress of my mother, when my brave father was no more.—Still, however, as she never made any professions to me, after my last dear parent's decease, beyond the present of a sword, or a camp equipage occasionally, I never could have anticipated such an heirship as this; “nor, indeed, had I ever expected aught, when she too would be gathered into the tomb.—Now she had died; and, with her last act, had proved to me, that as another mother I must now regard her memory.—The words of her will said, that she had always loved the son of her dearest friend Eugenia ***, too sincerely to trammel the disinterested expressions of his affection for his god-mother, by any intimation that she intended to make him her heir!—I felt the delicacy, the exquisite tenderness of this reserve, and the tears of a son's regrets, mingled with those of my happiness. Was she not now to be considered by me, as the earthly parent of all my future days of comfort?—She had bequeathed

to me the means of complete happiness, of wedding the woman I loved, to the amplest affluence; of wedding her to the fulfilment of all her most cherished, beneficent wishes; extending comforts and gladness around her father's halls, from shed to shed, from bosom to bosom; in short, of making the ancient roofs of Tara, resound with the notes of a lasting, not a transient joy, from the jocund hearts of their once hereditary guests!—She, indeed, would now be the mother, and the shelter, the provider, of all, collecting into their long dispersed rath; I, their father!

The rapture of those convictions, was not to be confined to my own breast.—I hastened back into the presence of the venerable lord of all those sacred objects, and found, both himself and his daughter in anxious suspense of what that so hastily announced packet might contain. He feared a summons to some distant and belligerent shore. My face shone with the tumultuous delight of my new projects, mingled with the glittering evidences of a sorrow that lively gratitude was then wringing from my heart.—She started up at my entrance, her lovely countenance all expressive of the wondering solicitude within her.—I put the open letter of the lawyer into her hand.

“I dare not read,” said she, “what costs you those tears?—Pray speak, what I guess I must bear!” and, with ill-repressed anguish, she threw herself on my neck.—The old prince rose in agitation. “Eugene, what is the matter?—Are you to leave us?”—“No! no!”—I could hardly utter more, so full was my happy spirit; but straining Sadeb to my almost-bursting heart, I kissed her pale cheek with a transport, I had never dared before.—“My wife! my own Sadeb!” I added, “Heaven hath sent us means to obey the injunction of yon manuscript; to do, as your father enjoins his children!—This letter puts me in possession of a fortune, to make our grandsire the happy lord, not merely of the little track within these old battlements, but of all the wide domain around, again!”—And with the concluding words, bearing her yet on my bosom, I knelt down with her, at the feet of our aged parent. Sadeb now comprehended something of the fact. She smiled, and sobbed, and bent her sweet lips to the hand of the yet astonished Duachandonn.

But why should I attempt describing a scene, which, to be at all conceived, must have been witnessed.—It was not pas-

sion; it was not the attraction of two enamoured hearts, blessed by the consenting parent, that then kindled the unutterable transport in each bosom.—No; it was the triumph of the principle, which bids us “love our fellow-creature as ourselves!”—It was what I love her the better for; and for which, I more honour myself; the smile, and joy of the poor, being then dearer to us, than all the raptures of our anticipated bridal hour.—Sadeb, Sadeb, shall I ever forget thee, on the bright evening I returned from having taken actual possession of my inherited wealth!—Then the vast, heath-covered ground, before the ivied window of the high tower of Tara's chief hall was filled, by your grand-sire's summons, with the families of his ancestors' ancient rule, from the glen cabin to the mountain cavern.—I was then presented to them, as his future son; as one, who, now uniting the English blood of the brave with that of his own valiant race, was to sit down in peace, under the shade of the Milesian alive, with green Erin's shamrock sward for the carpet of his bridal chamber!

The old prince took off from Sadeb's head, the antique jewelled coronet of her ancestry, which, on any called meeting of the rath, or other great occasion, was always, by ancient usage, to be worn on her brows.—In its stead, he now placed the little round coif of the Irish country-maid, upon the auburn locks of his smiling daughter, and put a distaff in her hand.—“This is, your mistress—your example!—a titular princess, no more!” cried the venerable chief; “the rule, and sway gone, the trappings of royalty are mockery; but the power of protecting, succouring, and encouraging virtuous emulations, amongst our ancient people, by a blessed dispensation from the Father of us all, remains to us!—We may now be your landlords in the best sense of the term.—My day of labour is indeed set in the evening of repose!—but here is my daughter, who will still be the benefactress, yours; in setting an hourly example, of a child's duty to her parent; a wife's, to a husband; an universal friend to all who need!—Here is her husband, now my son indeed!—He will live amongst you; shew you to sow your fields, and reap them.—Shew you, that true manliness calculates for himself, not on the past of others, but on the useful acts of his own performance.—Look, then, to him; and believe, that though the visionary reign of O'Connor is no more, his shrouded head will rest softly in its grave, when the peal of

his people's lament over the sod, no longer mingles in the midnight blast! but the glad hand of the grateful husbandman hangs up the sickle, where the coronach-harp had been; and the song of the harvest-home, awakens the echoes of Tara's royal hall!"—That such may be, oh, ever-watchful guardian of the poor destitute! thou that spreadest the feast in the wilderness, and feedeth with the bread of heaven, them who are ready to perish—hear my prayer!"

The venerable man stretched his hands over the assembled multitude.—His long white beard waved gently in the breeze, as his hoary head bent its silver locks from the uncased window, blessing, fervently, his people.

"Long life to the son of O'Connor! long life to our chief himself, and our lady, his gracious daughter!"

But it was not until that daughter, my bliss-bestowing bride, went amongst them herself, from cabin to cabin, that the gladdened inmates fully understood the nature of the benefits intended.—"My people," said she, "give me your confidence; trust the example, and the encouragement to industry, myself and my husband will labour to set before you; and peace, and plenty, and happiness, will be ours, and yours!"

They have confided in her; the compact has been mutual, and the promise verified.—But come, and see, my friend! come, and enjoy the happy, Irish hearth, again glowing gaily under the roof of Tara's hall, and lit there, by, your ever faithful British friend,

EUGENE S. S.

CARNIVAL SPORTS.

At the close of the Carnival, in some Catholic cities, and particularly at Rome, it was the custom formerly to carry in procession a figure representing a dead harlequin, as emblematical of the termination of that season of licensed mirth and jollity. This practice is no longer in use anywhere; but among the Romans at the conclusion of a horse-race, which finishes the public exhibitions of the last day of the Carnival, it is customary for every person to carry a taper; and the great fun seems to consist in lighting your own candle at that of any taper-bearer near you, and then blowing his out. Practices which not unfrequently occur in the more serious pastimes of politics and literature, bear a very obvious analogy to this carnival jest of the Romans.

ON FEMALE LEARNING.

It was the custom, in ancient times, for the males to consider themselves superior to the other sex; as if the fair, were only beings born to be subservient to their pleasures, and to perform all those commands, which the capricious tempers of their masters might lead them to injoin,—indeed, this brutish and inhuman sentiment is practically retained still in eastern countries, where the chief pleasures of the luxurious natives, consists in the company of the ladies of the harem; who are perpetually immured in a gorgeous palace, having no consolation for their loss of liberty, excepting the casual smiles of their lord!—To one born in Britain, it may seem, perhaps, surprising, that a sex, which is the delight of mankind, should be wholly excluded from that bright world, of the beauties of which they can only form an idea from the vague and deceitful reports of others.

And our indignation will be still greater, when we know the virtue as well as the extreme sensibility of females, which is wont to be agitated by the cruelties practised upon others; and when moreover we consider, that, even to this very day, they are tyrannized over with despotic power, by those whose care it should be to defend as well as love them, and to afford them every innocent delight while they preserved them from the contamination of guilt.

And yet, alas! a few centuries ago, Great Britain was, as it were, *ensèvelie* in this cruelty, and knew neither the ties of conjugal felicity, nor experienced the pleasing reward of perpetual fidelity.

The learning of the men, was at this time confined to popular superstitions, and the romantic tales which they had received from the mouths of the crafty and designing druids.

But when the progress of the arts and sciences disclosed the radiance of instruction to the eyes of man, and our parent island first perceived the happy dawn of civilization, the earliest indication of the improvement of our ancestors, was the advancement of the female sex to a higher rank and estimation in society, where their talents might be displayed with greater eclat, and open for them a new path to love and admiration.—Now see this lovely and interesting sex treated with that proper re-

spect which is due to them ; their mental faculties improved by that polite literature which they cultivate, and which, were it less than it is, would render them less interesting, and were it more than it is, would render them less engaging.

I do not, however, intend to defend pedantic learning in a female ; I think it contrary to the general character of the sex, and have always been prejudiced, though, perhaps, unjustly, against the character of a learned woman.—But I think that their talents are naturally quick ; and should, therefore, be cultivated in a proper manner, that they may continue to hold, not only a pleasing, but a distinguished, rank in society.

We have read of females, even in the dark ages of mental barbarism, when the minds of our ancestors were bewildered in the labyrinths of ignorance, who shone in learning to such a degree, as would still do honour to us, even in this more polished age.—In those times, they were regarded as prodigies ; for a person who had a slight knowledge of mathematics, was looked upon as one who dealt in the arts of magic and necromancy. And, certainly, their labours must have been great indeed, and their progress more miraculous than we may easily imagine, so few were the keys to elegant and polite literature ; and so barely competent were those few which they possessed, to the use for which they were designed.

Such was the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, of Lady Jane Grey, and many others, whose learning certainly was not at all conducive to their happiness ; nor has it added to the compassion which we feel for them, in the recital of their histories. These, indeed, owe the interest which is still taken in their past actions, to their beauty and their misfortunes. For who can help advocating the cause, even though it be wrong, of a lovely, and of a beautiful woman ? There is a something which I cannot describe—a something which cannot be defined, in beauty.—It enchains the affections of the young, it attracts the notice of the old, and even

The wild Numedian lion crouches down,

And smooths his mane, and lays aside his frown.

Learning, therefore, is not so necessary to make women amiable, since that alone cannot captivate the gay heart, which defies the darts of the god of love.

I would have every female instructed in polite and elegant

literature, such as may adorn her as a woman, and not do her honour as a man. They should alike shun the mazy paths of ignorance, and the difficult and thorny ways of ancient lore and abstruse learning.

It has been questioned whether woman has genius. Genius, she certainly has, with a quickness of invention, and an ingenuity, seldom or never equalled in man. And were they versed in the same paths of learning with the opposite sex, we should, no doubt, have too many proofs it, to render this point again questionable.

Woman has the best passions of the human heart implanted in her soul; and is free, for the most part, from those vices to which man is peculiarly subject, and perhaps never more so than in the present age. Let, therefore, their virtues be cultivated, and their failings corrected. Let them be versed in those liberal arts, which do not tend to render them austere and rigid, and do not check the tender passions that are innate with them. And while this plan of education is pursued, they, knowing the path of right, will not relinquish it for that of the wrong, and will still continue to be both engaging, lovely, and interesting.

W. G. KING.

BAVARIAN BIJOUTERIE.

AMONG the remarkable jewels in the treasury of the Elector of Bavaria at Munich, are the blue diamond attached to the order of the Golden Fleece—which is set open (so as for the light to pass through it), and which, opposed to the sun, emits rays of the most dazzling lustre. It weighs 36 carats and 144 grains; and is said to be the nonpareil of precious stones. Of the pearls, that called the palatinate, half white and half black, is considered the greatest curiosity. But in a cabinet is preserved the choicest of all choice specimens of precious art and precious materials. It is a statue of St. George and the Dragon, of the height of about a foot and a half in pure and solid gold: the horse is agate; the shield is of enamelled gold; the dragon is jasper; the whole thickly studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, to the number of at least two thousand.

*Dibdin's Bibliographical and Antiquarian
Tour in Normandy, &c.*

ANCIENT METHODS OF DECORATING THE HAIR.

(Concluded from page 282.)

In the New Monthly Magazine for April 1825, we have the following facetious notices of the perukes of the period of King Charles the II.

* * * * "The first paper I lit upon was a copy of verses by Dick Honeycomb, on the perukes that flourished in his time. I have written them out with much the same veneration with which the peruke itself would have been taken out of its box, had it survived to the present age. But see the changes of this world! that which was one of the airiest head-pieces, is now the symbol of gravity. It is to be seen only on heads of judges, or on these other preparatory ones which maintain so inflexible a countenance in certain windows in the inns of court. The only third instance I can call to mind, is that of a Mayor of Garratt, whom I encountered one day, when a boy, leading his processional splendour up the road to Kennington. 'There it is secure,' as the Parisian said, when he lost his tooth-pick. On the stage his peruke is now a burlesque. I confess I wish it were retained in comedy. There are passages in Farquhar and Hoadly, of which we cannot have a proper taste without it: some are obliged to be altered in consequence, and are much the worse for the alteration. Garrick, in the first scene of the Suspicious Husband, used to make a sensation with holding up his two perukes; the one he had worn all night raking, and the fresh one was brought in by his servants.

"Why, how like a rushing dog do you look, compared to that spruce gentleman! Go, you buttered devil, and be made fit to be seen." (Throwing his wig to the servant.)

Ranger now throws a cocked-hat, which is a very different business. The wig tumbled, and jaded, and out of curl, was the representative of the night. It brings the table with it,—the rakery in-doors. It was one of the company. The cocked hat may have done something coming home; encountered a watchman, or been knocked down. But this is a poor part of the matter. The wig is high and genial. Besides, the hat is all night in the anti-room, and has no pretensions to be be-deviled. The Frenchmen understand the faculties of perukes and other patrician personages better; and will not commit

Louis XIV., even in a serious drama, without his wig. Comedy, being founded on the manners of particular times, implies a necessity of costume; for which reason there is no comparison between the performance of one of Moliere's plays in France, and one of Congreve's or Farquhar's in England. The stage, in the former instance, is like a piece cut out of the actual times of Grammont and Voiture. It is a world of perukes, trimmings, and gallant shoe-leather; and respires pulvillo.

Mascarille. Favour these gloves, Madam, with a slight apprehension of their scent.

Madelon. Terribly fine, upon my honour.

Kate. I have never inhaled a better conditioned odour.

Mascarille. And this (holding down his peruke.)

Madelon. Quality every inch of it. The sublime is touched there deliciously.

Mascarille. You say nothing of my plumes—what do you think of them?

Kate. Divine to the last degree.

Mascarille. Do you know, the brim cost me a louis-d'or. It is a passion I have for knowing no bounds to expense, in cultivating the beautiful.

Madelon.—I assure you we sympathise in that matter; I am desperately sensitive in all my apparel. I cannot endure any thing, even to an under stocking, which does not come from the most scientific hand.

Mascarille (crying out on the sudden.)—Oh! oh! oh! come now, softly, it is not fair; by jingo, ladies, this is a very bad usage. Upon my soul, I have to complain of it.

Kate.—What is it?—what is the matter?

Mascarille.—Two of you at a time? it is really too much. Right and left against one poor heart. No, no; it is not fair; it is contrary to the laws of nations. I'll cry murder, upon my soul.

Kate. (to Madelon.) Is must be confessed, he has a very particular way of putting things.

Madelon. (to Kate.) He has an admirable turn of wit.

These exquisites of Moliere would tell well on the English stage even now, with the help of proper costume. The dress and the people are co-existent. I wish I had Cibber's Apology by me, to give his account of the wig which Colonel Brett

bought of him. The audience were as much in love with it as the Colonel. Cibber used to have it brought in by chairmen in a sedan, from which he handed it forth with great ceremony, the spectators clapping as though it had been a lady. One almost fancies that, if the Colonel had been off from his bargain, the wig would have brought an action against him for breach of promise.

Perukes had their conveniences, and have done something for posterity. We owe them a pleasant variety in our recollections, the distinct marking out of particular periods, and the poetical caps of Prior and Pope. If a periwig was hot in the wearing, it must have been delicious in the taking off: the hot-head, poetical or fashionable, must have rioted in its basin of water. The baldness of a lover is not so agreeable to the imagination; but fashion reconciles every thing in the scene above mentioned. Garrick stood bald-headed while comparing his two perukes; yet Ranger was one of the characters in which the ladies most admired him. The illustrious authors of the French Encyclopædia (in an article of becoming length and solemnity) on the manufacture of wigs, to wit, fourteen folio pages and upwards, the double columns of which appear so many periwigs with full bottoms,) inform us that the first person who appeared in a peruke of this kind, was the Abbé de la Rivière. They might have added, that the custom originated as a compliment to Louis XIV., whose fine head of hair, when young, it affected to imitate. On this account, the first perukes were without powder. The colour varied according to the whim of the day, or the complexion; they were scented, and furnished the beaux with something to do with their fingers ends, when not handing their snuff-boxes.

In the reign of Charles II. the ladies had their hair curled and frizzled with the nicest art; and they frequently set it off with artificial curls, called heart-breakers. Sometimes a string of pearls, or an ornament of riband, was worn on the head; and in the latter part of this reign, hoods of various kinds were in fashion. A few years afterwards, in the reign of William the Third, the hair was much frizzled and curled, and ornamented with pearls, amber, and jewels. In the reign of Anne, the ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner curled round the face. This queen was very observant of decorum in dress. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste to her

Majesty, and went in a ramallie, or tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed one: which so offended his sovereign, that she said, "I suppose that his lordship will come to court next time in his night-cap."

In Portugal, as the present Mrs. Baillie informs us in her letters from Lisbon, the quantity of false curls and braids of hair worn by every woman, is really surprising. All ranks and all ages adopt the custom; nor is it without necessity, for the heat of the climate, inducing great perspiration, prevents the natural hair from retaining its curl; and it grows so thinly upon the forehead and temples, as to have a very disagreeable bald effect, unless assisted by art. "I had formerly heard," our authoress continues, "that the length and luxuriance of the hair was a chief feature in the beauty of the Portuguese ladies; but this appears, from all I have been able to observe, to be a total mistake. The length, indeed, is always considerable, because the hair is suffered to grow from the earliest period of childhood; and I have often seen female infants of two years old, with their little tresses tied up behind in a knot with coloured ribands. But the thickness is not genuine; and where it appears so, it almost always proceeds from the mere coarseness of the hair. The art of the friseur being a refinement, of course you will not be surprised to hear that there is not one good professor in Lisbon;—they do not even know how to cut hair properly. I ought to add, however, that I have seen several exceptions to what I have just said, among ladies with whom I am acquainted." She mentions one remarkable exceptions to what I have just said, among ladies with whom I am acquainted." She mentions one remarkable exception in Nina, the daughter of the Condeca d'Anadia, whose hair was the most luxuriant she had ever seen. When performing a character in a private theatrical piece at her mother's, "she uncoiled its superb length, and I assure you it electrified the audience; being done suddenly, and in the most graceful manner,—remining one of Altisidora in Don Quixote, whose ringlets were said to

"Brush the ground."

Another fashion, which has fortunately been out of date for some years, is that of wearing hair-powder. Nothing so ill becomes a woman as powdered hair. This addition alone

spoils the prettiest face. Powder makes a fair woman appear insipid, and a dark one to look frightfully black. What inconsistency to call in the aid of art, in order to give the hair that white colour which we are so much afraid of receiving from the hand of nature! The practice of wearing powder (if we except gold-powder) is not of very ancient date. We find no mention of it in authors before the year 1593. We are told, that about this time the nuns walked about the streets of Paris frizzled and powdered, probably to give themselves a venerable look. It would be curious enough, if it should appear that this practice originated in a convent;—it would have been much better if it had been left there. So much is certain, that from the above-mentioned period, the use of powder became general in France, and was afterwards diffused among most of the nations of Europe.

SCOTTISH MARRIAGES,

EVERY body knows that those pairs who wish to be yoked to the car of matrimony, may get the nuptial harness slipped on more readily in Scotland than in almost any other country; but many perhaps may be ignorant of the precise mode in which they manage such matters on the other side of the Tweed. To enlighten such persons, we shall relate a recent occurrence, as detailed in a Caledonian newspaper (the Scotch Times).

“Last week, a marriage was celebrated in the shop of Messrs. Griffin and Co. Wilson-street, Glasgow, under circumstances which appeared not a little extraordinary to Mr. Griffin, as an Englishman. The anxious couple, with two witnesses, came into the shop, on perceiving one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace standing at the counter, and without preface or apology of any sort—requested to be married. The justice went through the form in a few seconds. He inquired, if they consented to be man and wife; and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he declared them accordingly to be married persons. The female was a very genteel and interesting looking woman, and her lover appeared also to be above the ordinary rank of clandestine marriage folks. There were two other gentlemen standing by, who were not aware that so important an affair had been going on, until the company had left the premises.”

EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.

A WEDDING which took place not long since at Paris, was followed by a grand feast, at one of the most celebrated taverns of that metropolis. Among the numerous guests, was a gentleman dressed in black, whose countenance and manner displayed a kind of affected affability, which was not, however, obtrusive or disagreeable. At the instant of entering the sacristy, he gave his hand to a venerable grand-aunt of the bride, who was quite charmed with a piece of politeness which was rather unexpected. On entering the carriages to repair to the feast, he again bestowed his attentions on the old lady, and afterwards seated himself beside her at the banquet. At table, he appeared to be fully occupied. But while he took due care of number one, he found leisure to carve some of the principal dishes. At the dessert he sung some couplets, which seemed to have been composed for the occasion; he drew the cork from the first bottle of Champagne; he it was who first drank the healths of the new-married folks; he fastened one of the bride-favours to his button-hole: in short, after having charmed the whole party by his affability and politeness, he took his leave when the card-tables were introduced. "My love," said the bride-groom to his young wife, "I am delighted in the acquisition of a relative so amiable as the gentleman who has just left us." "My dear," replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I value the more, as I am indebted for it to you." "What? is not this polite gentleman your cousin?" "On the contrary, I thought he was your's," said she; "and it was on that account I was impressed with the civilities and attentions which he paid to me;" adding, in a tone of regret, "but it seems he was nobody's cousin, after all." "I rather suppose, my dear," returned the new-married man, "that our polite friend is every body's cousin, and when he learns that any of his relations are about to give an entertainment, he takes care to make one among the guests."

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SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 277.)

THE STORY OF BASIL.

THE young recluse of Ararat paused here in his recital; and a mortal paleness spread over his countenance, when, gaspingly, he continued—"The threats of the brave Russian might have been spared. Before another sun found me in my wretchedness, a band from the mountains were descried by the Cossac outpost, descending the Dariel precipices. The day rose just as they reached the gate of the fort. They announced themselves, as coming under the promised safe conduct of the general, in the case of their bringing back the captive lady, or any tidings of her. A closed sort of litter was seen in the midst of the group. Heedless of what was passing between the leader of the men and the general, I rushed to its side. I lifted its curtain, and beheld—oh! not my living Taneuse, but her corpse!"

Again the voice of the narrator became interrupted; it was now tears that choked it. I laid my hand on his arm, and with real sympathy in my tone, conjured him to say no more; I could anticipate the cause of so sad a catastrophe.—Basil shook his head mournfully, and with a smile of something like gratitude, looked up to heaven, while he pressed his hand on his heart, as if the feeling there were unutterable. He then took a piece of black crape from his bosom, and unfolded a letter from it. "That," said he, "was given me by the chief of the horde; he had accompanied the bier himself.—It was the writing of my Taneuse. I knew it too well to doubt." I then gazed on the words of her last farewell.—"Read it, Englishman, and wonder not I am comforted from my before frantic desperation."

I took the paper; and while the mourner walked a little away from me up the shadowy aisle of the church, my eye hurried over the following lines, written in a beautifully distinct hand:—

"If this ever reaches you, my beloved Basil, betrothed of my soul! it will tell you, that though I survived my slain parent, and saw yourself fall as dead under my clinging arms,

yet the death-wound of a broken heart, struck in that moment of agony, is only now doing its work in my breast. I die, Basil! but of no injury, or indignity, inflicted on my own person, by the wild men who bore me away. Let the steadiness of the hand-writing which declares it, assure you of this truth. My beauty did not charm their chief, but my grief affected him. He has told me that you are alive; you are in refuge; and he that protects you, is his friend, and has sent to bring me back safe, and unstained, to your arms! The joy of that communication, has riven a second time the blood-vessel in my bosom, which first burst on being torn from your insensible bleeding body. It flows now: ah! as if the life-spring which warmed the fountain of my long, long love for you, would, at this moment of mortal parting, pour itself out on the paper that bears this last farewell! Yes, farewell, my first, my last thought, for so many years! my heart's betrothed husband! May all earth's comforts be yours, till we meet again in the unchanging home of heaven!—Where I am laid—I can add no more. Love my memory, and remember in your prayers, the soul of your faithful

TANUESE."

As my hand closed the paper, blistered, and stained in many places with the often-bathing tears of the saddened survivor, he turned towards me. He took it from me, and placing it carefully within his vest, held it pressed there, while in a gently composed voice he resumed—"When I recovered my amazed senses, on the sight I beheld before me, and the reading of this letter, I distinguished the following words, in an address from the chief to my Russian benefactor, as they stood together under the porch of the gate. 'Frangy! you remember my only sister! Her love would have willingly bound you to me as a brother; but you preferred the captivity of these walls, and the commands of men who lord it over you, to freedom and our unconquerable mountain homes. My sister mourned and died. In yon female prisoner's dark blue eye, and smile of raving sorrow, I saw my sister's sky-lit gaze; I heard her maddened lamentation for the lost, the gone!—I saw the black angel of death drawing her mantle over those imaged beauties of her who had lain in my mother's bosom; of her, whose dying eyes my own hand had closed; and could I do otherwise than hold that maiden, living or dead, sacred as the sister of my soul!'

"Did I not bless the fraternal heart of this young chief of a band of hereditary men of violence? I did. I knelt on the ground before him; I kissed his strong, sinewy hands, clasped in mine;—I invoked from heaven every Christian benediction on that head, which kindred affections had already anointed with the grace of sparing the helpless and the lovely, when in the power of lawlessness and brutal passions! The remains of my Tanuese were laid in the little cemetery of the Dariel fort, to moulder with the relics of the brave. I came hither, to obey her last injunction; to pray for a blessed re-union with her sainted spirit; and, meanwhile, labour to serve the commands of her Redeemer and mine, who said, 'If ye love me, feed my sheep!' I dedicate my nights to prayer, but my days to the education of the young offspring of the poor remnant of Armenian Christians, who have again gathered themselves together from their scattered dispersion, to shelter under the privileged walls of Eitch-Miadzen. 'Write my command on the frontlets of thine eyes,' saith the same sacred monitor. And yonder I read my text, every matin hour I rise from my beseeching knees before that holy altar. 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice. Bring little children unto me, and refuse them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven!'" His eyes fixed themselves on a picture which covered the wall over the high altar. We were then approaching it. A glance told me the subject. Our Saviour was depicted, standing in the midst of a group of very young children; his right arm was thrown, protectingly, around one, that was lifted up, on a sort of corner-stone, at his side. His left hand, stretched out, rested on the heads of two others, who appeared, fondly and happily, clinging to each other, as they stood before him. The noble simplicity of the figure and attitude, and the divine graciousness of the beautiful countenance, seemed breathing life. "Who wrought this admirable work?" I asked, "so perfectly unlike the dark, uncouth, gilded effigies around!"

"A Christian traveller, of your country," answered Basil. "He came hither, a few years ago, in his way to explore the remains of ancient Persia and Babylonia. Here he stopped for awhile, in his pilgrimage; and in acknowledgement for the pious hospitality of our patriarch, left this memorial of his consecrated labours, and his gratitude, to live on our walls

as long as they stand." I inquired his name. "It is in the archives of our monastery," replied the recluse: "his visit was before I came hither; but my reverend brethren, who saw him, tell me, he was a young military chief, of a rather lofty, but mild exterior, fitted to impress respect, and excite conciliation; in short, one evidently designed by nature, to track these semi-barbarian regions, and leave the trace of a better spirit behind him."

When I repaired with Basil into the archive-chamber, I there was shewn the church-register of this most appropriate offering, and with more pleasure than surprize, read the name of the artist and the donor. Perhaps I need not add to the good guesser in travel-literature, that it was our countryman of long established fame of pencil, and whose lately published narrative of his researches in these very countries has awakened so much curiosity to visit them! Indeed his youthful genius's early commemoration of our victories at Seringapatam, and in Egypt, first made me a soldier; and now his personal expedition to the east, exploring mountains of ancient traditionary story, and desert plains, once animated with celebrated cities, whose present ruins stand in silent magnificence, or crumble into dust amongst the wild cantonment of the shaggy roamer for prey, or the yet fiercer plundering Arab; the publication of these records of the past and the present, brought me, as the flame bursts from the kindling spark, over the steppes of Tartary, to the cloud-capped heights of Caucasus, the widening wildernesses of Armenia; and, as will hereafter be seen, from columned Persapolis, to the mouldering towers of Ecbatana; and thence, through pinnaced Bagdad, to the wastes of the great city of the Euphrates, now no more!

When I retired with Basil to his cell, he talked with me on all these subjects, and the evening passed away pregnant with information.—He related to me many interesting traditions, respecting the immediate vicinity of the convent in which we were; and also enumerated the many fine monuments of past ages which still mark the plains of Ararat, to an immense extent around the base of that stupendous mountain. Like the imperishable roots of some mighty parent oak, now felled to its base, shooting up from the earth's bosom, and bearing witness whence the surrounding forests sprung; so spread

these enduring relics of once populous habitation from horizon to horizon.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITIES.¹

On one side of the noble river Araxes, yet stand the time-worn turrets of the once royal Armavro; on the opposite bank, some leagues farther along, rise the grey mounds Ardashir, in its day, a still more magnificent emporium of the Armenian kings than the other.—On quitting the monastery and the describer of these scenes, next morning, I resolved to visit some of them; and besides, I carried with me a few notes on each, to consult, and conduct me.—The patriarch of Eitch-Maidzen gave me his benediction, as I passed from matins, to the gate of the monastery.—On that spot, ere I mounted my horse, Basil pressed me to his heart, and we parted—heaven only knows, whether ever to meet again in this world of many destinies.

My road lay over the plain, where the cultivation of the brotherhood, and the peasants they protected, had spread the fertile field, the fruitful vineyard, and the green pasture animated with the flock and the herd; but turning the brow of a range of hills, we gradually plunged into the wilderness of man's neglect, or desolation.—I approached the ruins I sought, those of Ardashir; which, like those of Anni, described in a former page, had belonged to an Armenian capital.—The notes I carried in my day-book, had explained to me, how so many cities in one kingdom could bear so apparently a super-eminent title.—“In whatever variety of places Eastern sovereigns find it convenient to hold their state for any length of time, they acquire the proud title of metropolis; and, by consequence, gradually increase in wealth, population, and magnificence.”—On reaching the remains of this long-depopulated city of pre-eminence, how did my feelings correspond with his whom I wished the companion of my present contemplations: yes; I, too, beheld with awe, the earth covered, to an apparently measureless extent, with that sort of irregular hillocks which are formed by time, over piles of mouldered ruins.—These, with long dyke-like ridges, evidently of the same venerable architect and materials, connecting the higher mounds, in parts, told me at once, I was entering the confines of a city, now no more.—True indeed does my predecessor in this

track observe, "It is not in language, to describe the effect on the mind, in visiting one of these scenes!—The space over which the eye wanders, all marked with memorials of the past; but where no pillar, nor dome, nor household wall, however sunk or broken, yet remains in slightest vestige, to give a feeling of some present existence of the place, even by a progress in decay.—All, here, is finished; buried under heaps of earth; the graves, not of the people alone, but of their houses, temples, palaces; all lying in death-like sepulchre.—At Anni, I found myself surrounded by a superb monument of Armenian greatness; at Ardashir, I stood over its grave.—Go where one will, for lessons of time's revolutions, the brevity of human life, the nothingness of man's ambition; they no where can strike upon the heart, like a single glance cast on one of these motionless, life-deserted "cities of the silent!"

The next place of note that excited me to halt, was, Marande, a town almost of Antediluvian memory.—It lies in the bosom of a beautifully sheltered vale, and watered by a gently gliding river, amidst the happiest and most tranquil scenery. Tradition gives its origin to Noah, and maintains, that it somewhere contains the burying place of his wife, whom oral history calls Marianne, and that in honour of her the place bears its present name of Marande. Indeed the valley presents sufficient of a little earthly paradise, to lead us to suppose, that the dove with his verdant bough of promise, might have conducted the descending patriarch from Ararat, with his family, to this spot and planted them here. On this privileged ground too, there appeared no decay. It has been an inhabited place, from time immemorial! and though the vineyard of the second father of mankind, no longer waves on its smoothly sloping hills! nor are the cypresses extant which shed their weeping dew over the cemetery of our second mother; still the sunny bosomed gardens produce abundant fruits; and the foliage of a luxuriant shade, from every species of tree, whether of the woodland or the orchard, bend from the heights, or spread their light branches over the sparkling flow of, perhaps, the loveliest tributary stream of the magnificent Araxes. I had now passed into the borders of Media.

D.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

THE SLAVE COLONIES OF GREAT BRITAIN ; or a Picture of Negro Slavery, drawn by themselves. This pamphlet should have been designated, A Picture of Slavery, drawn by the West-India planters ; for it is compiled from the reports of the legal proceedings of their own officers, and it may, therefore, be regarded as a genuine account of the wrongs and sufferings of the negroes in the West-Indies. On the score of humanity, every man, not biassed by interest, must *wish* for the complete abolition of slavery ; though many may be disposed to *doubt* whether, in the present state of society, that object be attainable. No difference of opinion, however, can exist as to the propriety of preventing, or punishing, abuses and enormities, such as are described in the book before us.

ATTIC FRAGMENTS. 8vo. This work contains some bold and lively sketches of eminent statesmen, and other leading characters, of the present day. The intellectual portraits display the graphic powers of the delineator to advantage, and cannot fail to be perused with interest by the admirers of talent.

SKETCHES IN BIOGRAPHY. By John Clayton. 12mo. Interesting as this work is, from the nature of its contents, it is so likewise from the manner in which the subject is treated ; and it may, therefore, be characterized as a pleasing production.

THE HISTORY OF CHIVALRY ; or Knighthood and its Times. By Charles Mills, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Learning, judgment, and taste, are displayed in the composition of this work ; which is worthy of the reputation of the author, who has previously distinguished himself by his histories of Mohomedanism and of the Crusades.

SKETCHES OF CORSICA ; or a Journal written during a Visit to that Island in 1823, with an outline of its history ; and specimens of the language and poetry of the people. By Robert Benson, M. A. 8vo. with plates. Much information within a small compass, will be found in these "Sketches ;" which derive additional interest from having been penned on the spot, where the intelligent author made his observations.

NOVELS AND TALES.

MODERATION, a Tale. By Mrs. Hofland. 12mo.

INDUSTRY, a Tale of Real Life ; consisting of a Series of Interesting Occurrences, illustrative of felicity accruing from a steady perseverance in diligence and economy. 12mo.

Mrs. Hofland has published a number of novellettes, designed to amend and instruct, as well as to amuse, her readers. Her success has been such as to give rise to imitations of her manner of writing; among which may be included "Industry." The execution, as well as the design, of this little work, deserves commendation.

TALES OF THE WILD AND THE WONDERFUL. 8vo. Five stories are contained in this volume:—the Prediction, the Yellow Dwarf, Der Freischutz, the Fortunes of de la Pole, and the Lord of the Mailstrom. The general character of these pieces, may be guessed from the titles.

FERDINAND FRANK; or the Youthful Days of a Musical Student. 12mo.—Part of this tale was originally published in Ackermann's *Forget me Not*; and the continuation of it was broken off, in consequence of the copy having been destroyed in the fire of Mr. Moyes's printing-office, last season. This amusing story is now printed entire; and it will, we dare say, be acceptable to the public.

EDUCATION.

STUDIES IN THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING, READING, AND RECITATION, consisting of a selection of popular pieces in English and Latin; with instructions for appropriate delivery. By Rev. C. Newton. 12mo. Many introductory treatises on Elocution, have been published at different periods, sufficiently adapted for the purposes of instruction, so far as respects the English language. The present work has the advantage of being more comprehensive in its plan; and is, upon the whole, well executed.

ENTERTAINING STORIES, in verse, selected from English history, adapted for the improvement of young persons. By Agnes Anne Barber. 1825. 12mo. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously bestow our approbation on the verse, or the prose, of this little volume. The former is too much in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the latter too carefully compiled, to be useful to "young persons."

THE JUVENILE SKETCH-BOOK, or Pictures of Youth: in a Series of Tales. 1825. 12mo. These tales are written by the author of *Dangerous Errors*. They are well adapted for the amusement and instruction of young ladies, conveying important moral lessons in an agreeable manner.

A SKETCH OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY: compiled from the best authorities; and arranged after the manner of the Abbe Gaultier's Modern Geography. By a Lady, for the use of her own family. 1825. 12mo. An acquaintance with classical geography, is so necessary a preliminary to the study of ancient history, that it ought not to be neglected in the education of youth of either sex. In this sketch, the outlines of the science are distinctly exhibited; and the text is very properly illustrated

with mythological and biographical notes. Some errors occur in the names of places, which should be corrected, if the work be reprinted.

BOTANY.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN, or Magazine of Hardy Flower-Plants, cultivated in Great Britain. By B. Maund. Small 4to. This work is publishing in monthly numbers, each containing four coloured figures of plants in flower, which, in the large paper copies, are admirably executed. The literary portion of the Botanic Garden, is respectably conducted; and the undertaking well deserves the patronage of the lovers of botany.

FINE ARTS.

GEMS OF ART, Vol. I. W. B. Cooke, of Soho Square, well known for his taste and skill as a landscape engraver, is the artist to whom we are indebted for this elegant publication. The present volume contains thirty plates, from pictures of acknowledged excellence, beauty, and variety.

BEAUTIES OF CLAUDE LORRAINE. This is another production of the same artist with the preceding. It will be completed in two parts. The first part, which has just appeared, comprises twelve plates of landscapes, the subjects selected from the famous *Liber Veritatis* of Claude.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMOIRS OF MONKEYS. 12mo. The freaks of the monkey-tribe, form the subject of this book; which contains, as might be expected, many whimsical stories.

PHANTASMAGORIA, or Sketches of Life and Literature. 2 vols. 12mo. These volumes comprise tales, essays, poetry, &c., affording an agreeable *malange*, prepared for the palate of the public by the hand of a lady, said to be Miss Jewsbury, of Manchester.

FORGET ME NOT, for 1826. Ackermann. 12mo.

THE AMULET; or Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Baynes. 12mo. 1826.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, a Literary Album for 1826. Edited by T. K. Hervey, Esq. Relfe. 12mo.

These three works, belong to a class of publications, first brought out in this country, by Mr. Ackermann, whose success has occasioned much rivalry. These books contain many elegant productions, both in prose and poetry; and they are embellished with beautiful engravings.

PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP; for 1826. Marshall. 12mo.—Is published in imitation of the above; at a less price, certainly; but much inferior, both in illustration, and literary contents, to either of them.

LACONICS; or the Best Words of the Best Authors. Part I. 1826. 12mo. This work consists of detached passages from various writers, an-

cient and modern, chiefly in prose. It will be comprised in twelve parts, one to be published every month. Some awkward errors of the press have been overlooked, which are less excusable in a publication of this kind than in some others. (See Nos. 178 and 373.) Five portraits, engraved on a very small scale, will accompany each part.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

In forwardness for publication—"The Peerless Peer, or Fortunes of Orlando," a Novel, by the author of "Lasting Impressions."

Lord Heathfield.—A monumental statue of this nobleman, (better known as General Elliot, the defender of Gibraltar,) has lately been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Lord Byron.—Mr. Thomas Moore is gone to Scotland, to consult with Sir Walter Scott, relative to the forthcoming memoirs of their mutual friend, the late Lord Byron.

New Literary Institution.—A meeting has been held at the Freemasons' Tavern, to concert measures for establishing a Library with reading-rooms and lecturers, at the west end of the town.

Sir Walter Scott.—It is reported that an addition is about to be made to the series of *Waverley Novels*, by a Tale the scene of which is laid on the coasts of Fifeshire.

Treysden Papers.—Valuable manuscript letters, by very distinguished individuals, have recently been discovered; and it is expected that they will be published, under the preceding title.

Montgomery, the Poet.—This gentleman, on retiring from his labours as a public writer, was invited by the inhabitants of Sheffield and its vicinity to an entertainment, at which Lord Milton presided, and one hundred and sixteen persons sat down to dinner.

Steam Coach. Messrs. Burstall and Hill, have published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a description of a carriage to be driven by the power of steam, on common turnpike roads, for which they have obtained a patent.

A new work, intitled "The Complete Governess," said to be the production of a celebrated literary character, is nearly ready for publication.

In the press "Tales from the German of Hoffman, La Fontaine, Richter, Schiller, and Korner," in 1 vol. 8vo.

A new selection of sacred music is preparing for publication, which will include a composition by the late Rev. W. Bingley, author of works relating to Animal Biography.

Mrs. Barbould.—A Legacy for Young Ladies, by this celebrated authoress, in foolscap 8vo. has been published within this few days.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1825.

THE King still resides at Windsor, pursuing his usual occupations and amusements, and he enjoys an excellent state of health. On the 11th of this month, his Majesty came to town, to hold a privy council, at Carlton-Palace, after which he returned to the Lodge, at Windsor. The same day was marked by a memorable event, the presentation, at court, of Mr. Hurtado, as Minister from Columbia, being the first Minister from any of the newly-established American governments, who has yet been recognized in a formal manner. Mr. Hurtado presented his credentials, and was most graciously received. With this occurrence is connected the correspondence lately made public, between Mr. Canning and the Spanish Ministry. In answer to an angry remonstrance of M. Zea, the late minister of Spain, stating that his master would "never recognize the New States of South America, nor cease to employ arms against his rebellious subjects in that part of the world." Mr. Canning returned a calm vindication of the measures, recently adopted, relative to the new states; and his letter includes the following remarkable declaration:—"After Buonapart was set aside, there was a question among the allies, of the possible expediency of placing some other than a Bourbon, on the throne of France." Since this correspondence, a new ministry has been formed in Spain; M. Zea having been replaced by the Duke del Infantado.

The young heir of the French Monarchy, the Duke of Bourdeaux, is reported to be in a declining state of health, owing to a scrophulous affection. So much alarm has been excited by this circumstance, (threatening the extinction of the Bourbon family in France), that the King, it is said, intends to marry the widow of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a Saxon Princess, about half his own age. The treaty concluded between Brazil and Portugal, has given great satisfaction in the former country. The day of its promulgation at Rio Janeiro, was kept as a grand gala, being also the anniversary of Brazilian independence. The Emperor of Russia is stated to be in an ill state of health, nearly deaf and blind. The management of all public affairs is intrusted to his minister, M. Uraktcheijef. In Greece, the cause of liberty wears a favourable aspect. The siege of Missolonghi appears to have been raised by the Turks; and other favourable circumstances have taken place, which will afford scope for new and vigorous exertions, on the part of the Greeks, in the ensuing spring.

The intelligence from India, relative to the probable termination of the Burmese war, is quite contradictory. It is now stated, that hopes are no longer entertained of a speedy termination of hostilities; and that the proposals made by the King of Ava, previous to the capture of Prome, had no object but to gain time.

At Miramichi, in the province of New Brunswick, North America, a dreadful fire has taken place, which destroyed nearly two hundred and forty houses, and occasioned a great loss of lives, as well as property. A subscription has been opened in London, for the relief of the sufferers. A general congress of the New South American States, is about to be held on the Isthmus of Panama, in consequence of an address from Bolivar, to the Presidents and Ministers of the Southern governments.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.—The City of Glasgow, steam-packet, ran upon the rocks, lately, while working out of Douglas harbour, in the Isle of Man, and the crew and passengers very narrowly escaped with their lives, the Manx sailors refusing to lend their assistance, in taking the people from the wreck, without being paid beforehand for their services. The Ogle Castle, East-Indiaman, was also wrecked, on the Godwin Sands, on the 3rd, and all the crew lost. Mr. and Mrs. Graham having ascended from Plymouth, in an air-balloon, were driven southward, and descended into the sea. They were relieved from their perilous situation by a boat belonging to a ship, which lay at anchor; the balloon was afterwards picked up and brought ashore, by a fishing-smack. Mr. and Mrs. Graham made their appearance at the theatre, the same evening. On the 1st of this month, an inquest was held on the body of one of the keepers, at the Exeter-change menagerie, who was killed by an Elephant. The circumstance appeared to be entirely owing to an accidental blow from the tusk of the enormous animal. A woman, the wife of a carpenter in Gray's-Inn-Road, recently obtained a warrant from Bow-Street, against her husband, for ill usage. Before it could be served, she returned to the office, in great distress, to state, that on her return home, she found that her husband had hanged himself. He had, however, been cut down, and recovered; and she begged that the warrant might be withdrawn, which was done accordingly. Stanley De Courcey Ireland, who lately inhabited a house in Gloucester-place, from which he made his escape, to prevent an arrest for swindling, was taken on the 16th, at an obscure lodging in the Borough, where he had endeavoured to conceal himself. Various charges were brought against him, at Union-Hall; and he was committed for re-examination. John De Berger, alias Clifford, was tried at the Old Bailey Sessions, for uttering a forged check, and acquitted. He has been in the army, and having been accustomed to respectable society, his case excited much interest. Mrs. Ann Brierley was committed to Clerkenwell-Prison, for pulloining and pledging the

property of the person, at whose house she lodged. She stated, at the police-office, that her husband had been Consul-General of the Spanish government at Tangier; and that the misfortunes of her son, who had returned home, after being shipwrecked, had prompted her to the offence with which she was charged. The wife of a chandler and coal-dealer, in Tothill-fields, was accused, at Queen-Square office, of having stabbed her husband, in consequence of a sudden quarrel. The man's wound was stated to be dangerous, and she was remanded, to await the consequences of the blow. At the Royal Court, in the Island of Guernsey, Mrs. Cecilia Zoffany, wife of the Rev. Mr. Horne, was lately tried, on the charge of having concealed her youngest daughter, against the sentence of the Court, which had required that the young lady should be given up to her father, in September last. In spite of her very pathetic address to her judges, she was found guilty, and was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of the action. She had, of course, been living separated from her husband, but on what account, is not precisely stated. An order has been made by the Court of Chancery, to prevent Mr. Long Wellesley from removing his children from this country.

Colonel Berkeley has instituted proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, against the proprietor of a newspaper, called *Common Sense*, for publishing a statement, that the Colonel had been found concealed, for unworthy purposes, in the bed-chamber of Miss Foote, at her hotel, at Edinburgh. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was recently married, at Dublin, to Mrs. Patterson, an American lady, related to the wife of Jerome Buonaparte. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Armagh, and (the bride being a catholic), it was repeated by the chaplain of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

The subscription for Mrs. Belzoni proceeds liberally. The Duke of Sussex has sent a third donation of £5 (making, in all, £25.) The amount of the contributions is already more than £400. The Emperor of Austria, is slowly recovering from a violent attack of the rheumatic fever. All attempts to raise the *Comet*, steam-packet, have, as yet, proved ineffectual. On the 22nd, Mrs. Parker, the wife of a plaisterer, residing at Eversham, was delivered of three boys, two of whom are now alive. Lord Cochrane has left the Brazilian service. He was badly paid, and could not get his prize-money. Lady E. Whitbread's house at Kensington-Gore is undergoing a thorough repair; its front is being completely renovated, after considerable alterations in the windows. A suit is now prosecuting in the Consistory Court, against Lady Portsmouth, for adultery, by the direction of the Lord Chancellor.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE only dramatic novelty at this house, is an operatic sketch in two acts, intitled "The Wedding Present," said to be the production of Mr. Kenney. The plot turns on Florimal, a Captain, who, in consequence of having been concerned in a duel, disguises himself as a peasant, and represents the husband of a rustic, who visits the uncle of the captain's antagonist, to claim of him her marriage portion. The pretended bridegroom is here confronted by the real spouse, and he also meets with a lady to whom he was engaged. Many whimsical accidents arise from this confusion of character, and the mistakes are not unravelled till the conclusion. This story, (if not the same with that of a farce, acted at Covent-Garden, some years ago), has, at least, no pretensions to novelty. It is, however, amusing, and the piece being well-performed, appeared to give satisfaction to the audience. On the 7th of this month, a young lady made her theatrical debüt, as the heroine in *Romeo and Juliet*. Her performance did not encourage any expectation of her becoming an acquisition to the stage. She has not since made her appearance.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

At the beginning of this month, M. Mazurier, the famous French punch, exhibited his talents at this theatre, in *Jocko, the Brazilian Ape*, a piece in two acts, written expressly for the purpose of introducing this wonderful man-monkey to the play-going public. Such a spectacle, at a great national theatre, argues a strange depravity of taste, somewhere. On the 16th, a new comedy was presented here, called *Love's Victory, or the School for Pride*. The heroine of the drama, the Princess Diana, professes to despise the passion of love, and treats with coldness and neglect, Don Cæsar and Don Pedro, her two lovers. The former, dispirited by her behaviour, is about to give up the pursuit of the lady, when he is persuaded by her secretary, Perin, to continue his addresses. Don Cæsar takes this advice, and affects to imitate her nonchalance and contempt of the tender passion. This plan succeeds; and she is, at length, obliged to confess her attachment to him, when he drops the mask, and informs her of the sincerity of his passion. Miss Lacey performed the Princess, and Charles Kemble, Don Cæsar. Both exerted themselves with spirit, and the play was received with applause.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This theatre was closed for the season, on the 16th, when Mr. Liston delivered a humorous address, in the character of Paul Pry; which, it is scarcely necessary to say, was received with the greatest applause.





Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for Da. 1840

Invented by Miss Pierpont. Edward Street, Portman Square.

Rob. Dunc. 216 & 215, by Dean. & Morley, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR DECEMBER, 1825.

MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS composed of amber-coloured silk, made high, in the *blouse* fashion: the fulness is confined at the shoulders by narrow pipings brought to the centre of the waist, and continued from the same point down the skirt, increasing in width towards the hem: the bottom of the dress is completed by a quarter depth of full wadded silk, surmounted by vandyked pipings of the same. The sleeves are full, and confined to the elbow by full puffings. With this elegant dress are worn a lace collar, and an ornamental cap of Urling's patent lace, and flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white crape over white satin: the body is of plain satin, with folds of crape over the bust; the sleeves are made to correspond, and finished by a small carnation on the left side; the bottom of the skirt is surmounted by three flounces of quilled crape to stand out full, and headed by narrow satin pipings, each flounce festooned with crimson flowers and satin loops; a wadded hem. White satin shoes, and kid gloves.

These tasteful and appropriate dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

CACHEMIRE shawls, of a bright yellow, approaching to the orange, with a broad border of variegated flowers, and a very deep fringe, are a favourite envelope over a high dress. Pelisses of violet colour, puce, and other dark but appropriate colours, are made plain, and are well suited to the promenade; these pelisses are, for the most part, trimmed with fur; the grey squirrel on the dark colours, and the jetty lynx on those [that are light. A pelerine, made quite plain, of beautiful black Genoa velvet, is much admired by many fashionable ladies, and is worn over a high dress, for the morning promenade. Indian rose is the favourite colour for carriage pelisses; the material is generally *gros de Naples*.

Black velvet bonnets, ornamented with coloured ribands, and bright-looking flowers, are very general. Dress hats seem likely to be the most fashionable evening *coiffure* for married ladies; they are composed of white crape, or stiffened net, and are ornamented either with marabouts or ostrich feathers, waving in various directions; the other ornaments consist of scrolls of gauze edged with a binding of satin in bias, of a French white. Over some dress hats there is a broad blond of a beautiful pattern, falling over the crown. A home cornette, of Japanese gauze, trimmed with blond, is much admired; it comes low on the forehead, and is very wide at the temples; a small sprig of sweet peas is placed on each temple, underneath the border, and bows of rich white brocraded riband are lightly scattered over the cawl and head-piece; the strings, which hang loose, are of the same riband. Another home cornette is of beautiful blond, and is worn very much over the right side of the hair; on the left, which is arranged in clustered curls, are placed three full-blown roses. The turban toque of geranium gauze, is very splendid; next the hair is a bandeau of white satin, ornamented with pearls and diamonds.

An evening dress of celestial blue gauze, has been much admired; it has three flounces scalloped at the edges; the body was made in the Circassian style: the sleeves were long, of white *tulle*, beautifully figured, and surmounted by Spanish *mancherons*, of the same colour and material as the dress. A violet-coloured dress of crape, with three rows of trimming round the border, representing foliage, is an elegant dress for a dinner party; it is made high, and the body is fluted across the bust; the sleeves are long and wide. A half-dress robe for receiving friendly dinner parties, is another charming costume; it is composed of levantine, of a walnut-tree-brown colour, the trimming consists of two broad flounces pinked at the edges, and in rows of small aislet-holes above the scallops. The front of the dress is in the Bavarian style, with straps across; in the centre of each strap is a wrought silk button, with tassels at each end. The dress is made low, the corsage *à la Vierge*; the sleeves are long, but not very wide, and are ornamented at the cuff with bias straps, buttons, and tassels, to correspond with those on the *tablier* part, in front of the skirt. The newest border trimming consists of two rows of foliage of the water-lily, in triple leaves falling over each other. This beautiful

trimming is richly embossed on *gros de Naples*, or satin dresses, and each leaf is edged with a narrow *rouleau*. A fichu of Japanese gauze, of novel invention, is a graceful appendage under a low dress; a falling collar of points richly trimmed round with blond, imparts an elegant finish to the bust and back; each point is joined, at the beginning, by a ring-strap of fluted white satin.

The most fashionable colours are walnut-tree brown, bright geranium, pink, celestial blue, Indian-rose, and violet.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

FURS are now beginning to be displayed in great variety on the borders of pelisses and cloaks; they are placed in two rows at the distance of a hand from each; that at the bottom is always wider than the row at the top.—Fewer cloaks or pelisses of black satin, are seen than were displayed at this time last year. Next to the Scotch cloaks, which are only worn on returning from the theatres, or in brilliant equipage, cloaks of *Vigontine* (a sort of superfine Castorine) and those of cloth of the first quality, are adopted by ladies of high fashion.

In carriages, we have observed some elegant females with Scotch woollen plaids of the finest quality, having a Caroline blue ground, the squares of which are formed by small black, macassar and yellow stripes; others, of red velvet, of the same pattern, are much admired for dress cloaks. This brilliant variety of colours is also used to form toques and hats; on the latter there are placed two blond lappets forming a knot, one in the middle of the crown. It appears that this fashion of wearing lappets on hats, will be generally adopted this winter: nothing, in fact, can be more graceful, or tend more advantageously to soften the physiognomy.

Hats of green velvet are generally worn by ladies of high fashion for the morning promenade, or for the theatre; some are of satin, or velvet, of a beautiful Parma violet colour. Satin knots of the colour, called *solitaire*, produce a charming effect over lilac. Hats are generally made in the cottage style; this form is much more advantageous for winter, as it not only entirely covers the ears, but is admirably adapted to wear with small caps. They are trimmed with knots of satin, bordered with blond, or a large knot of blond, the two ends of which

form half lappets. Some white hats, of a round shape, have two rows of blond laid on in a spiral form around the head. the same trimming is also worn on hats of black velvet, with this difference, that instead of blond, there is a bias of satin laid flat and doubled with velvet; two *aigrettes*, or tufts of feathers, finish this kind of trimming. A great many black *aigrettes*, mounted across, others of black herons' feathers, are the ornaments which are now placed on hats. Feathers are no longer worn.

Merino robes are much in request for dishabille. They are trimmed either with three figured puffings, cut into round points, or with three rows of points, forming wolves' teeth, and without being gathered at the top; but the newest trimmings are composed of two or three bands of velvet, laid flat at the bottom of the petticoat. Sometimes these bands, which are placed at the distance of a hand from each other, are of black velvet, but it is more fashionable to wear them assorted to the colour of the robe. Dark green and deep *solitaire* are the colours most prevalent for the morning. Pelisses or round robes, with pelerines, of myrtle-green, or bottle-green *gros de Naples*, having three or four rows of figured puffings at the bottom of the petticoat, if intended for a robe; and two or three rows of small puffings hemmed round the pelerine, if it is for a pelisse; are the general modes adopted among the first fashionables who promenade on foot.

A robe of Braganza, the ground of which is rose-colour, with black crossings, having for trimming three puffings embroidered with black, is one of the handsomest toilets which we have seen for evening costume.

There has just appeared a bird of paradise, of a new and brilliant kind; waves of very fine gold, turned in a manner to represent small light twisted work, replace the plumes of the tail of this beautiful bird, and are of an elasticity and suppleness truly admirable. These handsome *aigrettes* are placed sometimes in the hair, forming charming head-dresses; they are also frequently worn on velvet toques. Small caps of brilliant gauze are very much sought after for the home toilet. They are often made of gauze of two colours; on those of white gauze are laid flowers of shaded amaranths. The newest ribands are of gauze, fringed or bordered with gold.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE CONTRAST;

OR,

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHARITABLE MAN AND THE MISER.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

O how happy the man who feels charity's glow,
And untinctured with any alloy:
In his bosom what nameless sweet ecstasies flow,
When he softens, or lessens, or banishes woe,
And restores the sad mourner to joy!

See his willing feet haste o'er the threshold, which leads
To where want, and where misery, dwell;
There the sad wretched inmates partake his kind deeds,
For the naked he clothes, and the hungry he feeds,
And the captive sets free from his cell.

His blest duties in view, he still ever inclines
To the dwelling of sorrow and grief;
And where meek humble merit in poverty pines,
There his love is displayed, and his charity shines,
In dispensing the wished-for relief.

At the couch of pale sickness he loves to be near,
Where kind blessings he constantly sheds;
Ever making his faith, love, and friendship, appear,
And,—to sum up the whole of his Christian career—
In the steps of his Saviour, he treads.

And when he on his pillow reposes at night,
What sweet joys his reflections award!
On the past, he looks back with increasing delight;
On the future, his prospect is happy and bright,
In the hope of a blessed reward.

THE MISANTHROPIST.

LET us now change the scene, and the miser behold,
All absorbed and wrapt up in himself;
To each kind and each generous sentiment cold,
And alive to nought else but the heaping up gold,
And to adding still more to his pelf.

From his door the meek suppliant harshly is chid,
Unreliev'd from the chest of his store;
For his hand never raises its ponderous lid,
But to add to the heaps which lie uselessly hid,
All unblest to himself and the poor.

Does the sad child of sorrow his dwelling come nigh,
In the hope some small boon to receive,—
From his adamant heart ne'er escapes pity's sigh,
Nor compassion's soft tear ever falls from his eye,
Nor his hand's e'er held out to relieve.

For the love of mankind, and the good of the poor,
On his covetous heart have no hold;
That is wholly engross'd with the thoughts of his store;
Give him increase of wealth, and he covets no more,
For the god of his soul is his gold.

When about from his riches to take his last flight,
Unprepared by good deeds for the skies;
Without one cheering ray, or of hope, or delight,
And a prospect before him, more dark than the night,
The unfeeling Misanthropist dies!

At the last great assize, when the Judge shall make known,
The reward of the cruel and kind,
To the one,—all in terror,—pronouncing "Begone!"
To the other,—in mercy and mildness,—"Well done;"
Then to each will his fate be assign'd.

*Hitchin.**HOR. DART.*

LINES.

TELL me, oh tell me, when I'm far away,
In the throng of the thoughtless, the young, and the gay,
If ever you think on your lover's last prayer,
And wish—oh! the happiness!—wish he was there!

When the primrose unfolds, and is flourishing yet,
When the air owns the power of the sweet mignonette,
The song and the laughter no longer beguiling,
And Spring, in a flowery wilderness, smiling;

Or in the soft moonlight's more magical hour,
When Cupid reigns most and is greatest in power,
Were I with you beside the slow murmuring rill,
O say! should you be, my love! happier still?

When I see the sun rise in the glorious east,
When I view all his splendour dispersed in the west;
When the silence of midnight invites us to sleep,
I think on thee still, love!—I think, and I weep!

Then, while time is yet, and while life shall remain,
While morning and evening alternately reign,
While gladness the heart of soft beauty shall fill,
Forget, oh! forget not, but think of me still,

CHARADE.

BY J. M. LACEY.

WOULD you know what *my first* is? you're doing it now,
Or you never could hope to discover
This riddle of mine; and *my second*, I vow,
Is dear to the toper, and rover.

My whole ladies love, so the censors will say,
But beauty and youth like it best;
'Tis brilliant as Summer's most beautiful day,
When nature in splendour is drest.

SONNET.—THE UNIVERSE.

O GLORIOUS ray of the creating sun,
 Beaming sweet light upon my prison door!
 O perfumed coolness of the earth's green floor!
 O airs melodious, that do ever run
 Sounding through all the world!—Ye birds, who shun
 The silver flame of bright Apollo's beams,
 Courting the twilight glades! O cooling streams,
 Rivers, and fountains, verdant grass among!
 O forests wild, and woody wildernesses!
 O thrilling silence of earth's deep abysses!
 (Primeval silence!)—O ye shapes that throng
 On evening sunbeams o'er the seas and shores!
 O Earth, and sky with all thy vista-gleams
 HEAR! through your wildest realms how deep my soul adores.

VALENTIA.

STANZAS

To her who best can understand them.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

BE it so!—we part for ever;
 Let the past as nothing be:—
 Had I only *loved* thee, never
 Hadst thou been thus dear to me.

Had I loved, and thus been slighted,
 That I better could have borne;—
 Love is quelled—when unrequited—
 By the rising pulse of scorn.

Pride may cool what passion heated,
 Time will tame the wayward will;—
 But the heart in friendship cheated
 Throbs with woe's most maddening thrill.

Had I loved— I now might hate thee,
 In that hatred solace seek,
 Might exult to execrate thee,
 And, in words, my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow,
Which can find no vent in speech,
Which disdains relief to borrow
From the heights that song can reach.

Like a clankless chain enthralling,—
Like the sleepless dreams that mock,—
Like the frigid ice-drops falling
From the surf-surrounded rock;—

Such the cold and sickening feeling
Thou hast caused this heart to know,
Stabbed the deeper, by concealing
From the world, its better woe!

Once it fondly—proudly, deemed thee
All that fancy's self could paint;
Once it honoured and esteemed thee,
As its idol and its saint!

More than woman thou wast to me;—
Not as man I looked on thee;—
Why, like woman, then undo me!
Why heap man's worst curse on me!

Wast thou but a fiend, assuming
Friendship's smile and woman's art,
And, in borrowed beauty blooming,
Trifling with a trusting heart!

By that eye, which once could glisten
With opposing glance to me;—
By that ear, which once could listen
To each tale I told to thee;—

By that lip, its smile bestowing,
Which could soften sorrow's gush;—
By that cheek, once brightly glowing
With pure friendship's well-feign'd blush;—

By all those false charms united,—
Thou hast wrought thy wanton will,
And, without compunction, blighted
What thou would'st not kindly kill:

Yet I curse thee not, in sadness,
 Still I feel how dear thou wert;
 Oh! I could not—e'en in madness—
 Doom thee to thy just desert!

Live!—and, when *my* life is over,
 Should thine own be lengthened long,
 Thou may'st then, too late, discover,
 By thy feelings—all my wrong!

When thy beauties all are faded,—
 When thy flatterers fawn no more,—
 Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded
 Some regardless reptile's store,—

Ere that hour,—false syren, hear me!—
 Thou may'st feel what I do now,
 While my spirit, hovering near thee,
 Whispers friendship's broken vow!

But—'tis useless to upbraid thee
 With thy past or present state;—
 What thou *wast*—my fancy made thee!
 What thou *art*—I know *too late*!

PLEASURE AND ENVY.

BY J. M. LACEY.

I saw Pleasure pass in the morning, clad gaily,
 Well mounted, and laughing to scorn all below;
 And though he saw Misery meeting him daily,
 Yet he cared not for sorrow, he knew not of woe.

And almost I envied this fluttering being;
 For fancy would picture his days full of joy,
 His nights full of happiness, jocundly fleeing,
 Indeed, such delights as were not like to cloy.

But short was his course; and my envy was error,
 For at ev'ning they bore him in death past my door;
 His form was disfigured;—I shuddered with terror;
 Thanked God for my safety—and envied no more!

LINES.

Too sad to weep, too choaked to speak,
When paleness hues the ashen cheek!
When lovers must in sorrow sever,
When flies their joy, perhaps, for ever,
When clasped hands and mournful eye,
Proclaim the heart's dull agony;
He, who has passed a scene like this,
Oh! jests he not, to call love bliss?

And when we see the sly look stealing,
All pregnant with the tender feeling,
When meeting eyes, as if by chance,
Tell tales of fondness in their glance,
When swells the heart, too full of bliss
And printed is the burning kiss,
He, who such hour may chance to know,
Oh jests he not, to call love woe?

W. G. KING.

THE BIRTH OF ART.

WHEN from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in Heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path:
'Twas Art, sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus, with seraph voice, she spoke—
"The curse, a blessing shall be found!"

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noon-tide sun-beam never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed:
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At her command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And points its spires of faith to Heaven.

She rends the oak, and bids it ride
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;
 She lifts the rock, upheaved in pride,
 To towers of strength and domes of taste:
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
 Fire plants his banner on the wave;
 She bids the mortal poison heal,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

She plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
 Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
 She breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
 And emulates creative skill:
 With thoughts that fill the glowing soul,
 She bids its light illumine the page;
 And proudly scorning Time's controul,
 Converses with an unborn age.

In fields of air she writes her name,
 And treads the chambers of the sky;
 She reads the stars, and grasps the flame
 That quivers round the throne on high:
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 She moves in greatness and in grace;
 Her power, subduing space and time,
 Links age to age, and race to race.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg R. G. D. to remember that Rhyme and Poetry are not the same. Lines on the loss of the Comet Steam Packet, by W. G. K. are not sufficiently poetical for insertion.

To J. O. R.'s verses, written in a garden at Dulwich, we will endeavour to offer a satisfactory reply next month.

Edwin's Non-descripts are inadmissible.

J. B. B. is requested to notice that all communications are expected to be sent free of postage.—We cannot positively determine as to his contributions.

The specimen from S. Aldgates, Oxford, has disappointed us. From the signature, if genuine, we were prepared to expect much.

Miss A—T's contributions are received; as are those of Ada, Harriet, and T.

The Publishers offer a prize of Five Guineas for the best Essay on the Comparative Merits of Domestic and Scholastic Education for Females. The Essay to be forwarded to the Editor post paid, on or before February 15th, 1825.



INDEX.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS, ESSAYS, TALES, NOVELS, ROMANCES, &c.

A	Page
Anecdote of the Hon. Mrs. Monk	3
Veteran Corps	12
Canine Sagacity	19
of Louis XVI.	39
of James Beattie ..	84
of Claude Lorraine ..	94
of Madmle. Bieron	187
Progress of Genius .	217
Promotion	246
Sir Isaac Newton ..	268
Carnival Sports	317
Bavarian Bijouterie .	320
Scottish Marriages ..	325
Every Body's Cousin	326
Accident attending the Coronation of Charles X. ..	40
Ancient Methods of decorating the Hair ..	200, 278, 321
B	
Biographical Memoir of—	
Miss Graddon	1
Elizabeth Reynolds .	61
The Infant Lyra	121
John Baptist Belzoni	181
Elizabeth, Queen of England	241, 307
Peter Turnerelli, esq.	301
Belfry, Child of the	304

C	Page
Cornish Wanderer	2
Canine Sagacity	19
Conversation between a Fakir and a Vestal	63
Chapter of Accidents	90
Claude Lorraine	94
Cherokean Tradition, 141, 193,	247
Constancy and Merit Rewarded	153
Curious Mechanism	192
Crusader, the	214, 260
Child of the Belfrey	304

D	Page
Dialogues of the Dead	63
Drama, the,	
Drury-lane theatre, 48, 108,	289, 340
Covent-garden, 48, 108, 289,	340
English-Opera 108, 168, 230,	
Haymarket 48, 108, 168, 230,	340
Coburg Theatre	168, 269
King's Theatre	48
Olympic Theatre,	168

E	Page
East, Scenes in the, 20, 78, 128,	218, 276, 327

- East Indies, Statistical Remarks on 126
 Elizabeth, Queen of England, Biographical Memoir of 241, 307
 Epitome of Public Affairs:
 for June 44
 July 104
 August 164
 September 227
 October 286
 November 337
 Every Body's Cousin 326

F

- Friendly Equality of Pleasure 77
 Fashion, Mirror of:
 for July 49
 August 109
 September 169
 October 231
 November 290
 December 341
 Female Learning, on: by W. G. King 318

G

- Graddon, Miss, Biographical Memoir of 1
 Gentlemen Farmers, curious Mistakes of 146
 Genius, Progress of 217
 General Monthly Statement of Fashion,
 for July 50
 August 110
 September 170
 October 232
 November 291
 December 341

H

- Hair, Ancient Methods of decorating the 200, 278, 321

I

- Ireland, Recollections of 1798, in, 34
 Infant Lyra, the, Biographical Memoir of 121
 Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts 43, 103, 164, 226, 285, 336

J

- James Beattie, Anecdote of 84
 John Baptist Belzoni, Biographical Memoir of 181

L

- Louis XVI, Anecdote of .. 39
 Love-lorn Maniac 89
 Literature and the Arts, Intelligence relative to, 43, 103, 164, 226, 285, 336

M

- Monk, the Hon. Mrs. 3
 Maiden's Rock, the; an Indian Tale 37
 Modern Amazons, the 69
 Manners and Customs of the Peasants of Holstein 71
 Mademoiselle Bieron, Anecdote of 187
 Maitre Adam, the French Carpenter Poet 283
 Mirror of Fashion,
 for July 49
 August 109
 September 169
 October 231
 November 290
 December 341

N

- Northumberland Curate, Letters from:—
 Letter X. .. 29
 XI. .. 85
 Norry Ormond; an Irish Tale 73, 133, 210, 253
 Narrow Escape 160
 New Publications, Notices of
 Antiquities 223
 Biography 41, 101, 161, 284, 333
 Botany 335
 Drama 163
 Education 163, 225, 334
 Fine Arts 335
 History 41, 101, 161, 223, 283, 333
 Novels 42, 102, 162, 224, 284, 333



New Publications, Notices of,
 Miscellaneous 43, 103, 163,
 226, 285, 335
 Poetry 43, 103, 162, 225
 Topography 283
 Voyages and Travels 41, 101,
 161, 224

O

Old Bachelor, The, No. VI. 25

P

Peasants of Holstein, Man-
 ners and modes of Life of 71
 Poverty, a Tale 154
 Passage Out, The 157
 Pen, Wonders of a 208
 Promotion, an Anecdote .. 246
 Public Affairs, Epitome of,
 for June 44
 July 104
 August 164
 September 227
 October 286
 November 337
 Parisian Toilet,
 for July 52
 August 111
 September 172
 October 233
 November 292
 December 343

R

Recollections of 1798, in
 Ireland 34
 Reynolds, Miss Elizabeth,
 Biographical Memoir of . 61
 Remarks on Werter 124
 Russia, mode of warming
 Apartments in 275

S

Scenes in the East, 20, 78, 128,
 218, 276, 327
 Sir Isaac Newton 268
 Scottish Marriages 325

T

Tanner's Widow, the; a Tale 5
 Tara's Halls, by a British
 Officer, to a Friend in Eng-
 land 13, 95, 147, 188, 269, 313
 Turnerelli, Peter, esq. Bio-
 graphical Memoir of 301

V

Veteran Corps, an Anecdote 12

W

Werter, Remarks on 124
 Wonders of a Pen 208

POETRY.

A.

Apollonian Wreath, The, 55, 113,
 174, 237, 295, 345
 Adoption 59
 Athenian Exile, Song of an,
 in the Days of Lysanda . 297
 Anacreon, first Ode of, trans-
 lated by W. G. King 298

B

Bloody Vest, the; from Tales
 of the Crusaders 113
 Battle, the; by D. D. D. .. 239
 Birth of Art 351

C

Charades, by J. M. Lacey 60, 347
 Cottage, reflections on my;
 by J. M. Lacey 119
 Contemplation 180
 Condemned Criminal, the, on
 the eve before his Execu-
 tion; by H. A. 237
 Child; on the Death of my . 299
 Contrast, the; or difference
 between the Charitable
 Man and the Miser; by
 Hor. Dart 346

- D
- Dead, Oh! weep not for the
mighty 300
- E
- Erin's Green Isle, a Duet,
from an unpublished Opera;
by Mrs. Carey 296
- G
- George III., Ode to Great
Britain, on the Death of. 55
- Grave of Stephen, on seeing
the, a week after the Fun-
eral; by Louisa 117
- H
- Heaven, the, was cloud-
less; from Barnard Bar-
ton's Poems 176
- I
- I stood on the Banks, &c. .. 297
- K
- Knight's Song, the; from the
Crusaders 118
- L
- Life, the Stormy Voyage of 178
- L—'s Wedding Day, Ode on 238
- Lines, by W. G. King 347
- M
- Midnight, the voice of Con-
science, heard at 174
- N
- Now Judah had humbled;
from Poems by R. Power 177
- O
- Ode, to Great-Britain, on the
Death of Geo. III. 55
- Oh! wilt thou think of me,
love; a song; from R.
Power's Poems 179
- Ode on L—'s Wedding Day 238
- On the Death of my Child . 299
- Oh! weep not for the Migh-
ty Dead 300
- P
- Poets, the Glory of 300
- Pleasure and Envy, by J. M.
Lacey 350
- R
- Reflections on my Cottage;
by J. M. Lacey 119
- S
- Song, by A. M. 116
- the Knight's 118
- by A. W. 178
- from Poems by R. Power 179
- of an Athenian Exile in the
days of Lysander 297
- Solution to J. M. Lacey's
Charade; by Tabby 120
- Stranger, a, had wandered;
from Poems by R. Power 175
- Sonnet, the Universe; by
Valentia 348
- Stanzas, to her who can best
understand them; by the
late Lord Byron 348
- T
- Time for Thought 57
- Tribaldeo; the Italian Son-
net, inserted in the Muse-
um of July last, Transla-
tion of; by W. G. King. 240
- Translation of first Ode of
Anacreon; by W. G. King 298
- V
- Vest, the Bloody. 113
- Village Funeral, the; by
Louisa 116
- Voice of Conscience, the,
heard at Midnight; by
Rosa 174
- Verses, by W. G. King 295
- Y
- Young Lady, to a, who com-
plained of her ill-success
in the Lottery: by A. M. 118



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

From the first settlement of the
city in 1630 to the present time
the city has grown from a small
village to a large metropolis
and has become one of the most
important cities in the world.
The city has a long and
interesting history and has
been the scene of many
important events.
The city has a large and
diverse population and is
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